

## Cocktail Bar

Monty Python

John: ...except for a half sister, who was obsessed with Vanadium. Rigged the market, made a cool forty million, paid off the Lord Mayor, and put the lot into diesel powered nuns.

Terry J: Which is where it went wrong, eh...

Michael: Exactly!

Terry J: Pass the beernuts.

John: Oh he hasn't killed himself yet.

Terry J: He hasn't?

John: Oh no, waiting to April the 5th.

Michael: Some sort of tax dodge.

Graham: Good evening, sir.

John: Evening, Tom.

Terry J: Evening, Harry.

Michael: Evening, Maurice.

Graham: Well, what's it to be, sir?

John: A mark.

Terry J: Oh, one of your specials please, Harry.

John: One special please, sir.

Graham: One special coming up.

John: So see what's in page eight. Nixon's had an arsehole transplant.

Michael: Well, have you've...eh...you've seen the stop press though? The arsehole's rejected him.

Graham: Ehm...would you like a twist of lemming, sir?

Terry J: Uh, yes please, Harry.

(squeak, squeak, squeak)

Graham: Bit more, sir?

Terry J: Oh, just a squeeze.

(SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK)

Graham: There you are, sir

Terry J: Thank you.

John: Alex, what'll you have?

Michael: Oh, aaaaaah, Mallard Fizz for me, please, Maurice.

Graham: Ok, sir, one Mallard Fizz coming up.

Michael: Jolly good.

Terry J: How about old Cohen Barkley?

John: Eh?

Terry J: [???? ???? ????]. ??? ??? ?????? switched the wood preservertives into vinaigre. Sold the bottles right next to [???].

(QUAAACK, QUAAACK, QUAAACK)

Terry J: Smart fellow's always gonna do well. Nice bloke, said I [?????????]

Michael: Funny looking chap, you know. Buttocks bent the wrong way. [??????????] every time he sat down he fell over. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha. Don't make me laugh.

Terry J: Well, cheers then.

Graham: Cheers, sir

(Retching)

John: Eh, for me...ehm...a Harlem Stinger, please, Tom.

Graham: Okay, sir. Rastus!

Rastus: Here, boss.

Graham: One Harlem Stinger.

Rastus: One stinger coming raaaahhhht up.

(Gurgling, retching)  
Michael: Cheers, old boy.  
Everyone: Cheers, all the best.  
(Running to the lavatory)  
John: Eh, how much is that then, Tom?  
Graham: One pound and forty p, sir.  
John: Would you care to join us?  
Graham: Oh, no, thank you, sir.  
John: There we are, keep the change.  
Graham: Thank you, sir.  
John: Good health.  
Graham: Cheers.  
(Drinking. Running to the lavatory, regurgitating)  
Terry J: Same again, please, Harry.  
Go easy on the lemming, Harry.  
Graham: Okay, sir. There you are, sir. Eh...same again  
for you, sir?  
Michael: Just a small one, Maurice.  
Graham: Okay, sir.  
Michael: Maurice?  
Graham: Yes, sir?  
Michael: You haven't got something a little  
less...eh...ducky, have you?  
Graham: What do you mean, something without the  
mallard, sir? How about a Dog Turd and Tonic?  
Michael: Uurgh!